1509/44.

PHILOSOPHIC VENUS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

——— UT CUM RATIONE INSANIAS.

TERENCE.

LONDON:

Printed for RICHARD DAVIS, in Piccadilly.

1788.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 60
DEC

PHILOSOPHIC VENUS.

ADDRESSED TO
A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

CAN I, howe'er unequal to the taſk,
Refuſe to grant what EDWIN deigns to aſk?
Ah, no my friend! thy potent claims demand
The ſtrongeſt efforts of a feeble hand.
Thee Nature loves; for thee indulgent Fate
A ſoul adapted to thy vaſt eſtate.
In thee the Gods, with gen'rous care, have join'd
The niceſt feelings with the nobleſt mind.
Thy poliſh'd manners every ſtate can pleaſe;
Wit with diſcernment, dignity with eaſe.
Thou too, in nervous language, canſt impart
The gen'rous dictates of thy honeſt heart.
Vain of no breeding, with a fop's pretence;
Nor to the Graces ſacrifice good-ſenſe.

Learn'd tho' no pedant, thoughtful tho' not grave,
Gay without folly, without raſhneſs brave.

You aſk, my friend, a clue to trace the maze,
And walk ſecure in Pleaſure's ſlipp'ry ways.
Arm then thine heart! be every cauſe explor'd,
To combat Prejudice with Reaſon's ſword.
Pierce the thick gloom, where truth enchain'd is held,
And nature ſinks with cuſtoms overwhelm'd.

Know firſt, that *Virtue*, grown an hackney'd phraſe,
Means only *Chaſtity* in modern days;
Whoſe current value in the human mind
Is rul'd by faſhion, and to ſtates confin'd.
Thus, what is virtue in this frozen clime,
At *Madagaſcar* * would be deem'd a crime;
And what e'en *Wapping*'s ſelf might think obſcene,
At *Otaheite* † may divert a queen.

* At *Madagaſcar* the women are in common, and indulge in all the luxuries of amorous enjoyment. It is not likely that the ſex ſhould have any diſtaſte for theſe pleaſures, when nature ſtrongly prompts them, and they have no prejudices of cuſtom to reſtrain her impulſe---but ſhould it happen that any one of them ſhould prove averſe to the end of her creation, her conduct would be regarded as criminal and unnatural.

‡ Vide *Hawkſworth's Voyages*.

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In

In *Indian* ‡ realms, by laws relentleſs ſway'd,
Death muſt await the uncomplying maid:
And *Siam*'s † rules of government inſpire
Half-naked virgins to inflame deſire.
Wiſely they argue, That the pow'rs above
Are good, and therefore muſt be pleas'd with love;
And view with pleaſure, from their manſions bright,
Terreſtrial ſcenes of tranſport and delight.
Unerring nature gave us nought in vain;
Nor fix'd deſires for cuſtom to enchain.
The pow'rs beſtow'd, mankind were meant to uſe;
She loudly bids, and fools alone refuſe.

Mark next, my friend, whence *vulgar errors* riſe,
And view *opinions* with undazzl'd eyes.

‡ Au royaume de Batimena, toute femme, de quelque condition qu'elle ſoit, eſt, par la loi, et ſous peine de la vie, forcée de céder à l'amour de quiconque la deſire; un refus eſt contr'elle un arrêt de mort.

Helvetius, quoted from *La Chriſtianiſme des Indes*.

† C'eſt pareillement ſous la ſauvegarde des loix, que les Siamoiſes, la gorge et les cuiſſes à moitié découvertes, portées dans les rues ſur des palanquins, s'y préſentent dans des attidues très-laſcives * * * Cette loi, ajoutent les Siamoiſes, eſt d'ailleurs aſſez ſage: il eſt agrèable aux hommes d'avoir des deſirs, aux femmes de les exciter. C'eſt le bonheur des deux ſexes, le ſeul bien que le ciel mêle aux maux dont il nous afflige; et quelle ame aſſez barbare voudroit encore nous le ravir!

Helvetius de l'eſprit.

Aſk, why th' idea of infamy's confin'd
To thoſe who hire the body, not the mind?
Why e'en that body may in parts be ſold?
Why ſenators may pawn their tongues for gold?
The play'r his features, and the ſoldier's arms;
Yet beauties only may not ſell their charms?
Or why prefer we who their limbs employ
In ſcenes of labour, more than ſcenes of joy?

Thou know'ſt, my mind, uncramp'd by muſty rules,
Ne'er delv'd for learned lumber in the ſchools:
My ſpirits gay, no rigid maxims feel
Of ſtoic virtue, or religious zeal;
Bred on the town, in earlieſt youth I view'd
The goddeſs *Pleaſure*, our ſublimeſt good;
And whilſt her path with feet untir'd I ſought,
Mark'd how her joys might be refin'd by thought:
Saw too thro' life, in all the ſcenes ſhe gave,
The wiſe her vot'ry; but the fool her ſlave.
This made me think; I edify'd by this;
And courted ſcience as an aid to bliſs.
The rounds I knew, and every nymph could trace,
From vulgar *Drury* to ſuperb *King's Place*.
The matrons too, their characters, and ways,
From Mother J-MES, quite up to CHARLOTTE H-YES.
Hedge-Lane, and every porter-houſe could tell,
And *Bagnios* all from M-LLBY's to the *Bell*.

In

In cauſes and effects inur'd to pry,
The whole I view'd with *philoſophic* eye.
Hence gen'ral notions drew, and hence was ſhown
A *commonwealth*, † with manners all their own.
With impulſe warm, to *Nature* ſtrictly true;
Her laws they follow, and her paths purſue;
Free from reſtraint, of prejudice devoid,
View human life as meant to be enjoy'd.
For gen'ral uſe, they think their beauty giv'n,
And piouſly obey the will of Heav'n.

† The author here ſeems to be viewing this body in a new light; but certainly a juſt one. The Women of Pleaſure form a diſtinct republic, actuated by different notions and principles from others. Though they may be ſaid, in ſome meaſure, to reſemble the Jewiſh nation, who live intermixed with the inhabitants of various ſtates, yet retain their own manners and opinions: they ſeem only to want a code of laws to be the happieſt of all ſocieties. It is wonderful, that no legiſlature ſhould diſcover what capability there is of making ſuch a body uſeful. Lycurgus ſeems the only one that had any idea of what a powerful ſpring of action might thus be put in motion. There is not more difference between an Otaheitean or European princeſs, than in a girl of the town and the unfaſhionable wife of a country 'ſquire. To alledge that one character is only a depravation of the other is falſe; they are fundamentally oppoſite in principles, and each acts equally right on their own. One forms a definition of virtue on general cuſtom and education; the other derives her feelings from nature. The abſtracted philoſopher will find reaſon on the one ſide; the pupil of prejudice on the other. Thoſe who judge for themſelves are few in number; and the popular opinion is the vulgar criterion of right and wrong.

Scorn'd

Scorn'd by the world, its ſcorn devoid of pain,
With more than equal ſenſe retorts again.
One general principle directs their plan
Through life, to be as happy as they can.
But oft the means their glorious end defeat;
What human ſyſtem ever was complete!
Seeking for pleaſure with unguided eyes,
E'en thro' their hands the ſlipp'ry goddeſs flies;
Who ſtrive to force her, if they graſp, deſtroy;
And few, alas, have ſkill to manage joy!
Yet, tho' deceiv'd in error's miſts they ſtray;
Still gen'rous virtues gild the flow'ry way.
Here tender *Pity*'s briny ſorrows flow
In ſtreams of ſympathy for others woe!
Whilſt warm *Benevolence*, with glowing heart,
Heals up the wound, and draws affliction's dart.
Favours receiv'd here *Gratitude* recites;
Studies the means, and, when ſhe can, requites.
Here *Friendſhip* beams in gen'rous glories bright;
And native *Candour* rob'd in pureſt white.
Theſe virtues, all their own, ye grave ones know;
To you their vices and their ſpots they owe.
For one ideal fault, conſign'd to ſhame,
The pow'rful ſpring is loſt of virtuous fame.
Then plung'd in ill, a few weak minds conceive,
That added crimes no added ſtigma leave. †

Theſe

† It is wonderful that all ſentiment of honour ſhould not be entirely excluded this claſs, when we conſider that the human

Theſe realms, my friend, which thus the Muſe
has ſhown,
By many travell'd, yet to few are known;
Moſt come directed but by partial views;
The body only lab'ring to amuſe. ‡
But thou with taſte, with ſentiment explore,
And borrow raptures from the fertile ſtore;
For well I know, thy gen'rous thoughts diſdain
To wound a fond believing virgin's fame;
To ſteals from injur'd innocence a ſigh,
Or fill with plaintive tears the melting eye;
In cruel ſport to break the huſband's reſt;
Or plant the dagger in the parent's breaſt.
Range then, my friend, theſe ſcenes of open loves,
Where VENUS' ſelf unyokes her willing doves;

human mind, oppreſſed with a load of infamy, loſes the ſtrongeſt incitements to virtue, and becomes daily more debaſed, enervated, and at laſt deſperate in vice. "To make "men villains, (ſays a great author) it ſuffices to think "them ſo." Animate the mind to a ſenſe of godlike dignity, if you would have it productive of godlike virtues.

‡ Few people enter a temple dedicated to Venus with any philoſophical ideas about them; hence the ſubject is new, and worthy the attention of ſome perſon equal to the taſk. The variety of adventures and intereſting ſcenes produced, gives a great inſight into human nature; and the conflicts of the underſtanding, in a ſtate of perpetual warfare with cuſtom and education, offer a glorious banquet to a thinking mind.

Where

Where beauty dwells, in ſoft allurements deck'd;
And each warm thought ſprings from the heart uncheck'd.

But here, methinks, thy Guardian's form I view
In reverend garments clad, of ſable hue;
For Hebrew roots behold him deeply dig,
With tenets even ſtiffer than his wig:
Or doom'd to hear him, from the pulpit's round
Gravely perplex, and learnedly confound
Some threadbare text, till out of ſight purſu'd,
Explain, divide, and, beſt of all---conclude:
Or paint to thee inſipid joys above,
Then ſtoop to earth, and preach of *virtuous love*.

What's *virtuous love?* A phantom of the mind,
Unknown to ſenſe, by reaſon undefin'd:
A thing by ſtarch *hypocriſy* begot
On the frail fleſh of *Preſbyterian Scot*;
By pigeons nurs'd, and lull'd to ſweet repoſe
On the nice down a bat's ſoft wing beſtows;
With mildeſt care of kind attention, fed
On lukewarm water, and on ſugar'd bread:
Its placid form was never fram'd to feel
A warmer impulſe than of holy zeal.
Bred far from ſtrife, amidſt ſerene delights,
Of hymns all day, and peaceful ſlumb'ring nights.
Its chaſte deſires enchant the whining cull,
Serenely ſimple, and divinely dull.

Enough

Enough of canting---The digreſſive Muſe
The paths of pleaſure once again purſues;
Points out the rocks, and marks to ſhun the ſhore
Where tempeſts rage, or fatal billows roar.
Firſt then, my friend, avoid the dang'rous *Strand*,
Where but the dregs of the republic ſtand.
Expect no ſafety with a faithleſs crew,
To honour loſt, and loſt to goodneſs too.
Shun H-R-NG-N's, and haunt the B-DF-RD HEAD
With more than uſual care now H-RT-LY's dead.
Range thro' the *Garden* with a watchful eye,
And F-NNY H-RR-T's, more than bailiffs, fly.
Quit all theſe ſcenes, forewarn'd by prudence, go
To the *New Buildings*, or about *Soho*;
Or haſte where gay magnificence unites
With faireſt forms and moſt refin'd delights.
Th' admiring Muſe, with grateful homage, pays
This tribute, due to elegance and H-YES.
Then roam *King's Place*, nor paſs a ſingle door:
There ev'ry houſe affords a ſplendid ſtore.
AND-RS-N's firſt, whoſe roof alone contains
Beauties unmatch'd on all *Circaſſia*'s plains;
And M-TH-WS laſt, whoſe ſalutary care
Is fam'd for dealing in undamag'd ware.
Here may the gen'rous youth with ſcorn forego
An armed combat with a naked foe.
Long may the brave th'unmanly thought deſpiſe,
And view the danger with undaunted eyes;

Or weigh, on reas'ning principles, the ills
Of half-felt joys againſt eventual pills.
VENUS when naked, is completely dreſt;
Then boldly venture to be amply bleſt.

Ill fare the man who firſt this torment ſpread;
All SHANDY's curſes light upon his head;
Through whom theſe baneful ills on rapture wait,
And, ſpite of SWAINSON †, ravage half the ſtate.
Theſe now, O ſenators! your care demand: ‡
Direct the law, and arm its iron hand;
Puniſh the man whoſe cruelty conſpires
To ſpread the direful health-deſtroying fires.

† Proprietor of Velnos' Vegetable Syrup

‡ The health of ſo many members of the community, is certainly an object worthy the attention of the legiſlature. In a commercial nation it would be hardly poſſible entirely to eradicate the diſeaſe; but the impoſing a very ſevere fine on the man who ſhould be convicted of having *knowingly* infected any one, would, in the courſe even of a few months, produce the moſt ſalutary effects. It would not be very difficult to prove the culprit's knowledge of his own ſituation, eſpecially if half the fine was allotted to the informer, and the reſt to the party injured. Women of the town have powerful excuſes to plead; but in men it is a wanton cruelty, without any; for drunkenneſs is by no means an extenuation, nor ſhould it be admitted in this more than any other criminal caſes; and the vulgar adage is, That if a man ſteals a horſe when drunk, he will infallibly be hanged for it when ſober.

But

But the poor girl who, ſhiv'ring in the ſtreet,
Muſt earn her ſupper, or who muſt not eat;
Whoſe heart relenting, diſavows the ill,
Obeying poverty, and not her will;
She claims our pity; and her crimes produce
At once their puniſhment and their excuſe.
Here let its rigor every law forego,
And flinty juſtice ſacrifice to woe.

Proceed, my friend, to chuſe ſome lovely fair,
Whoſe ſoft perfections moſt thine heart enſnare;
Then fondly claſp'd in melting beauty's arms,
Quaff the rich nectar of etherial charms.
On damaſk ſophas wantonly reclin'd,
Search latent graces, new attractions find.
Let, with extatic touch, thy fingers ſtray
On the ſoft boſom's round and milky way.
O'er mounds of fleſh elaſtic playful roam,
To rapture's hallow'd ſhrine and ſacred dome.
Here ſeek new pleaſures, lively tranſports prove,
In all the ſweet viciſſitudes of love.
This moment warm, careſſing and careſs'd;
Then ſink in thrilling languor on her breaſt;
There pant an inſtant, till a glowing kiſs
Rouſe thee to joy, and kindle thee to bliſs.
The lips contain full many a nice degree,
From cool content quite up to extaſy.
Then warmly ſqueeze, preſs, ſuck them, and receive
The coral ſweetmeat which in turn you give.

Your

Your pliant limbs in amorous folds entwine,
And naked flesh in closest contact join.
Strain then each sinew, ev'ry nerve employ,
Fir'd e'en to madness, thro' excess of joy!
But here some doubt if, by the pow'rs of mind,
Our bliss is most extended or confin'd:
And thinking mere sensation is requir'd,
Conceive the brutes beyond ourselves are fir'd.
Inglorious thought---here fancy greatly shines,
Heightens each bliss, and ev'ry joy refines. †
Whilst the phlegmatic is content at night
With having thrice perform'd the mystic rite,
He who on warm imagination soars,
Full thrice three times the rich libation pours.
Quick through the veins th' extatic fever flies,
And new secretions rapidly supplies!

† There does not appear any reason why man should not retain the preheminence in this, as in other respects; or why the faculties of the mind should lie dormant in the most interesting action of our lives: not that they should then be employed in forming syllogisms, or be anxious about winding up the clock, but merely as by bestowing finer feelings, they enable the man of understanding to taste more exquisite transports than the clod. Helvetius has the same thought, where he says, "Suppose my spi-
"rits capable of receiving twenty degrees of passion, and
"another person's but ten; the act of love is still the
"height of all enjoyment in each of us; but will any
"one deny my pleasure to be twice as great as his?"

Th'

Th' inſpiring ardor animates the whole,
Darts thro' the nerves, and fires the very ſoul!

Nor ſhines fair fancy leſs when in the choice;
She warms the wiſhes; ſhe directs the voice.
Hence various beauties ſtrike—I love the fair
With all the lewdneſs of H-RTLEIAN hair.
The ſoft blue eye, where trance extatic ſwims
With form, and poliſh'd elegance of limbs.
The ſattin ſhine reſplendent on the neck,
Like new fall'n ſnow, without a ſingle ſpeck. ‡
The ſwelling boſom, grateful to the ſenſe,
Soft tho' elaſtic, plump tho' not immenſe.
The cheeks with pleaſure kindles to a glow,
Where dimples languiſh, and where roſes blow
Sweet as the zephyr's breath in morning hours,
With dews refreſh'd, and cool'd by vernal ſhow'rs:
Grac'd with a native tenderneſs of mind,
And lewd as maids in eaſtern courts confin'd.

Some love the jetty locks and ſparkling eye,
Whoſe glances arm'd with briſkeſt lightnings fly:
Some delicacies ſeek and others rove
For latitude and longitude in love.
Some dote on figures elegantly grace'd
With falling ſhoulders, and a taper waiſt.

‡ In toto nuſquam corpore menda fuit. OVID.

This

This aſks fine features, and a female deck'd
In awful beauty, that commands reſpect;
Slighted by thoſe who look with wiſhful eyes,
On fubſy cheeks and crumbineſs of ſize.
Thus fortunately vary'd in their views,
Some, little playthings; others, armfuls chuſe.
N---TH--RD, in contraſt to his wife,
Loves tiney fætuſes, ſcarce warm'd to life.
Old H---N enjoys thoſe breaſts to feel,
Whence C---NE ſucks his laſcivious meal.
To ſtately beauties L---N is cold,
And ſighs for fair-hair'd virgins twelve years old.
B--- is content an humble bliſs to ſhare,
And finds delight in combing DELIA's hair.
Hence diff'rent beauties diff'rent ways beguile;
BR-WNE can look modeſt, W-W-TZ-R can ſmile.
Grace and a ſhape the lovely SP-C-R deck;
L--- has a face, and H-RTL-Y has a neck.
C--R enchants us with her leering eyes;
And D--GB-Y's beauties center in her ſize;
G--R's true lewdneſs, void of art can pleaſe;
And SOPHIA's wriggling irreſiſtleſs ſqueeze.
The beauteous FLORA †, roaming in the *Strand*,
Has charms not frozen ſixty can withſtand;
Yet few divine what ſtrange unfathom'd views
Tempt her repeated offers to refuſe.
This doubt the ruling paſſion may decide:
This clears the whole, and calls her conduct *pride*.

† The Noſegay Girl.

FLORA

FLORA in keeping, with a coach her own,
Might live retir'd, unnotic'd, and unknown.
Better in apron blue and linen gown,
Remain admir'd the idol of the town;
And satisfy'd whilst crowds in transports gaze,
Despise all settlements, and CHARLOTTE H-YES.

Thus *Indian Faquires*, mortify'd and proud,
Feast on the homage of th' adoring croud;
Whom fame-bestowing penitence can please
More than true bliss, in undistinguish'd ease.

These various beauties, thus reveal'd to view,
Do thou, my friend, with fearless warmth pursue.
But know, there springs a certain line between,
Which bounds the present from the future scene.
Some glorious means by reason too assign'd,
To taste again the sports we leave behind;
When calm *reflection*, in unbusied hour,
Full on ourselves directs the mental pow'r,
'Tis then some joy to view no wretched maid
To ill seduc'd, to infamy betray'd:
No hapless orphan ever doom'd to share
The want unpity'd of a parent's care;
Nurtur'd in woe and villany betimes,
Then dragg'd to *Tyburn* for a father's crimes.
No ghastly spectre from the silent tomb
Upbraid thy falsehood in the midnight gloom:

Nor

Nor hoary parent, at the hour of death,
Imploring vengeance with his lateſt breath.
Clear from theſe ills, with conſcious virtue fraught,
The mind enjoys a luxury of thought:
Courts the calm hour which virtuous ſcenes can ſhow,
And former raptures new delights beſtow.

Thus mark'd the line on one ſide; now beware,
Leſt future joys alone engroſs thy care:
Nor let the tempting proſpects theſe diſplay;
Steal the ſecure enjoyment of to-day.
The preſent hour is *all* we really boaſt;
Unwiſe the man who lets that *all* be loſt:
As lott'ry-gameſters ſacrifice in vain
A certain loſs for a precarious gain.
The paſt reflection and the future views;
The wiſe receives, the fool alone purſues.
Yon hoarding wretch who ſtarves this day in ſorrow,
Dies ere the feaſt be ready for to-morrow.
Then while thou may'ſt, let mirth unclouded ſhine,
And ſprinkle CUPID's wings with roſy wine.
One ſimple rule will mark the devious way,
Juſt that to-morrow may not curſe to-day.
Thus ſhall thy bliſſes permanently laſt:
Thus ev'ry future joy exceed the paſt.

Learn

Learn next, dear youth, the brainleſs crowds to ſhun,
Who giddy rounds in folly's *circus* run;
Trifles purſu'd, in time the ſoul enſlave,
And ſteal the vigour bounteous nature gave.
Judge hence what feelings now await each ſpark,
Each potent hero of *St. James's Park*;
Thoſe chiefs who loudly talk, and ſmartly ſwear,
With threat'ning hat cock'd up *en militiare*,
And ſword terrific, tho' not meant by fate
For weightier purpoſe than the ſword-knot's weight!
Torn from the ſcenes they love, and doom'd to go
To rake for glory in *Boſtonian* ſnow!
Think, dear mammas, who yet your darlings ſee;
Ah, think how ſcalping ſpoils the ſmart toupee!
Shall ſuch endure the toils of a campaign,
Be chill'd with froſt, and even wet with rain,
Who from their earlieſt youth were taught to ſtray
In tinſel'd paths of puppyhood and play?
In trifles ſunk, thus many a manly mind
Is loſt to fame, for nobler ends deſign'd.
This damps the ardor; this *their* warmth retards,
Who might be *ſoldiers* if they were not *guards*.

O'er fields of joy with nobler objects range;
Fix where you pleaſe, but only fix to change.
Beware of keeping—keeping is no more
Than merely being married to a whore:

Bears all the curſe of matrimonial ill,
Without one good to gild the nauſeous pill.
I hate the ſameneſs of the cuckow's ſong;
For heav'n itſelf eternity's too long;
Our prieſt-built heav'n whoſe frigid joys miſplac'd
Reſpect I may---I'm ſure I cannot taſte.
Give me thoſe ſcenes an eaſtern pencil drew
In warmer colours, and a livelier hue;
Thoſe happy plains where ſuns indulgent ſhine,
And winding riv'lets pour ambroſial wine:
Where climes remote united off'rings bring,
The fruits of Autumn with the ſweets of Spring.
Here violet banks, here beds of roſes bloom,
Whilſt winding woodbines waft a mild perfume.
There myrtle groves and jeſs'mine bowers invite
To richeſt ſcenes of exquiſite delight!
The lovely *Houri*, of angelic race,
With ev'ry beauty bleſs'd, and ev'ry grace:
Their Syren ſongs celeſtial notes prepare;
The melting muſic glides along the air;
Thrills to the ſoul, and forcibly inſpires
Tumultuous tranſports with inflam'd deſires!
Deſires unquench'd---poſſeſſion cannot cloy;
New vigour ſprings, reviv'd with every joy.
No gloomy care corrodes the peaceful breaſt;
No anxious wiſh exiſting unpoſſeſs'd;
Obedient nature waits upon the will,
And more than mortal pow'rs her laws fulfil.

Here, mutual tranſports, void of coyneſs, reign;
Eternal pleaſures, unalloy'd with pain:
Eternal youth its genial warmth beſtows;
Beams o'er the face, and in the boſom glows;
All teems with rapture perfect and complete;
And joy unbounded fills the bleſt retreat.

Ye lovely girls, by nature's bounty bleſt,
With charms to warm a frozen hermit's breaſt!
You who the chains of prejudice defy,
And view ſtale maxims with a ſcornful eye,
Who dare be wiſe and warm in youthful prime,
On pleaſure's wings out-flying ſlow-pac'd Time;
Who ſeizing bliſs ere he its reſt deſtroy,
Live each revolving hour an age of joy;
To you I ſing; for you I tune the lay,
To make to-morrow happier than to-day:
Miſers in bliſs teach how to hoard up more;
Yet with profuſion ſcatter from the ſtore.
With unexhauſted beauties to ſupply,
Beauties that age and wrinkles ſhall defy,
For, known a few ſhort years upon the town;
Not e'en the fineſt features will go down:
Scarce one at thirty keeps deſire alive,
Whilſt NINON's † charms engag'd at ſixty-five.

† NINON DE L'ENCLOS, the Philoſophic Courtezan, celebrated for her wit, virtues, and amours. See her Life.

Learn then, like her, to cultivate the mind,
Enlarg'd by ſenſe, but not to books confin'd;
Study the world, and in that ample field
Glean all the knowledge anecdote can yield:
Know all the arts by which intrigues ſucceed;
The faſhions mark, and varying manners read.
Be nice in language, nought can more beguile
Than wit in poliſh'd elegance of ſtile;
Deſpiſe all venal arts, and wiſely know,
To thoſe who ſeek them leaſt, moſt riches flow.

Thus far the mind---the body now requires
Each female wile to animate deſires:
The ſeeming artleſs ſmile, the leering eye,
The fancy'd lewdneſs of the well-fetch'd ſigh,
The ſqueeze laſcivious, wantonly impreſt,
And winning motions of the heaving breaſt;
The perfect movements in the hour of bliſs,
And all the wond'rous magic of a kiſs,
HARRIOT! to thee, the lov'd ideas roll;
Thou from the lips couldſt penetrate the ſoul,
Quick through the veins the rapid poiſons ran,
And ſtimulate the *attribute of man.*

Dear thoughtleſs girls, with nice attention view
Your poet's maxims, and obſerve them too.
Be early fam'd for ſentiment and truth,
Then age ſhall bind the conqueſts gain'd in youth.

A tranſient flame the blaze of charms imparts:
Theſe are the virtues which enſure our hearts.
Thus ſhall your lives be bleſs'd, and each new day
Shall add more beauties than it ſteals away.

Thus too, my friend! let us enraptur'd live
On all the joys unbounded love can give;
Taſte all the ſweets of thoſe refin'd delights
Where ſentiment with ſenſual joy unites;
Convinc'd that who, by nature's impulſe ſway'd,
Relieves the wants of ſome impoveriſh'd maid,
A fellow-creature ſerving in the fact,
Deſerves our praiſe, and does a moral act.

Proceed where nature bids; but, timely wiſe,
With equal care deſiſt when ſhe denies.
Vain are our wiſhes when the ſpirits freeze,
And vain the arts of crippled debauchees.
Lay on, fair ſcourger! give them all their due!
Thoſe who want flogging---faith, deſerve it too.

Not ſo, my friend, now ardent youth excites,
To roll in joys, and revel in delights.
Come, pleaſure, now! in form divinely fair;
Thy winning arts of ſoft allurement wear;
Through the thin gauze thy boſom bar'd to view
In glowing tents of mild vermillion hue.
Thy feſtive brow with genial roſes bound,
Thy dimpl'd cheeks with ſmiles eternal crown'd;

Thy

Thy veſtments thin, diſcovering to the eye
Each graceful motion of the well-turn'd thigh.
In thy right hand let blooming *Love* be led,
Ten thouſand CUPIDS hov'ring o'er his head;
Fair SCIENCE in thy left, whoſe ſoul ſedate,
Implants her joys beyond the reach of fate:
BACCHUS the next, whoſe well-us'd gifts impart
Warmth to the head, and firmneſs to the heart.
Let lively WIT its brilliant rays diſpenſe
From the ſtrong light of *philoſophic ſenſe*.
Bring roſy HEALTH, array'd in ruſtic form;
Bring purple YOUTH with ſprightly *Vigour* warm;
And INDEPENDENCE, wiſely taught to hate
The fools of faſhion, and the farce of ſtate.

Grant us, O Goddeſs! with this train to ſhare
The only bleſſings which deſerve our care:
Arm with determin'd ſteadineſs the mind
To brave the evils which await mankind!
Teach us to view them with a careful eye,
And, bleſt in thee, their fruitleſs rage defy.
But let our hearts with niceſt feelings glow
At ev'ry bliſs thy bounty can beſtow.
With chearful ſpirits, thoughts devoid of care,
As ſun-beams gay, and free as wanton air,
Thus may we live; and then, to crown the whole,
Spend, when we muſt, like AR-G-R the ſoul!
Pour the laſt breath in one extatic kiſs,
And dart to heaven through the porch of bliſs!

FINIS.

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